

"Survivors-like!" said the Tree-Toad,
"I've waited for rain all day;
And I got up soon,
And hollered till noon—
But the sun just blazed away,
Till I just climbed down in a crawfish-hole,
Weary at heart and sick at soul!"

"I dozed away for an hour,
And I tackled the thing again.—
And I sung and sung,
Till I thought my lungs
Was just about give in;
And then, think I, if it don't rain now,
There's nothin' in singin' anyhow!"

"Once-in-a-while some farmers
Would come a-drivin' past,
And he'd hear my song,
And stop and sigh,
Till I just laid back at last,
And I hollered rain till I thought my throat
Would burst wide open at every note!"

"But I fetched her! O I fetched her!—
'Cause a little while ago—
As I kinda' sat
With one eye shut,
And a singin' soft and low,—
A voice dropped down on my forward bale
Saying, 'If you'll just hush, I'll rain!' It

— *John C. Walker.*



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